

BODYHARM

no3

1983

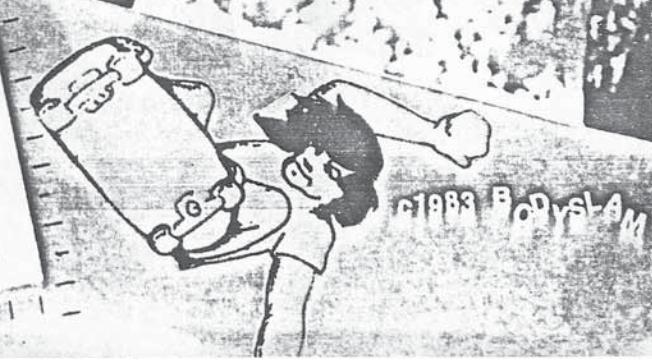
Videojam - Ryan Deuhoff, Summer '82



SKATEBOARDING IS NOT AN ART.

IT'S A DISEASE,
STOP IT BEFORE IT KILLS AGAIN!
ERIC DRESSEN
1015 SE MARKET
PORTLAND 97214

eric dressen - ca. 1977



©1983 Body-Slam

photos: mcs
eric wenzinger



INC SUPERBOWL I

***** CONTENTS: ***** letters ***** Non-vert *****
***** Marcus's Ramp ***** Bugland ***** misc. photos ***** madness *****
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BODYSLAM

NO. 111

1983

clark malathion
tom huckabee / ay muggling
bill reese max concave

brain
body

write
BODYSLAM
354 Highland St
S. Hamilton, MA
01932

photos mc slack
huckabee tachel conahan
louis waterbury
steve coulcher
marcus

fiction patrick blane

thanks to John Hartung &
Steve Coulcher

SPECIAL NON- COMMERCIAL ISSUE

all those who didn't believe, to lucky you assholes.





CRAIG CONAHAN & DAVE THORNTON - HALF PIPE DOUBLES CONTEST - 1979 SUBERBOW SO. BAY



LARRY DESANNO SKATE PARK OLYMPIA

POWELL PERALTA

POWELL-PERALTA-130 Los Agujas Avenue, Santa Barbara, CA 93101-(805) 963-0416

LETTERS.

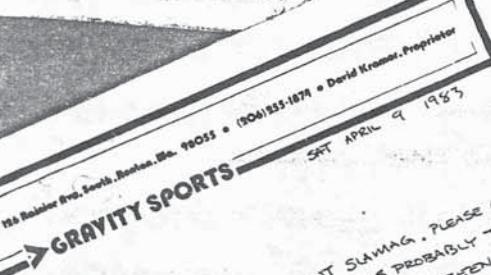
MARK - How is it going?

Sorry it's taken so long to get back to you since your August.

I've been really busy in L.A. doing stuff for the company. Things have been really happening on the skate scene. We're getting more stoked all the time.



BL-25
Stacy
STACY PERALTA



MARK,
SKATERZ,
THANK FOR THE NOTE ABOUT SUMM. PLEASE ACCEPT
MY SLIGHT INVESTMENT IN WHAT IS PROBABLY THE ONLY
NORTHWEST SKATE COMMUNICATION. IT'S BEEN A LONG
WAIT FOR #3, MAKE IT HOT! LOCAL SKEPTICS WHO ARE
HIP TO BODYSLAM DOUT FUTURE PUBLICATION, BUT THEY
DON'T WANT BUILD RAMPS TOO!
IF JAY M. IS STILL AT CAL SKATE THEN YOU KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE BUSINESS. LOTS OF SMALL
KIDS BUYING TOROF-THE-LINE STICKS. SOME HAVE TALENT,
MUST PLAY ON THE STREETS. TOO MANY POSEURS WITH
VIRGIN COPERS WHO CAN'T CONCIEVE OF EVER COMING
OUT A SET OF WHEELS. FUN IS RELATIVE.
TOMORROW I WILL GO RIDE A HALF PIPE IN LYNNWOOD.
OUT IT BEFORE BUT IT HAS A NEW RIDING SURFACE.
IT'S 12' WIDE, ABOUT 10' OF FUT, LESS THAN 3' DIAMETER.
1 OF VERT #3 IS FINISHED, DON'T HESITATE TO MAIL US &
DOZEN ISSUES, COD OF COURSE.
RIDE HARD, FLY FAR & SLIDE FAST
STEVE C.

PS. YOU CAN KEEP ALL MY PHOTOS BUT
SEND ME LOUIS! HE IS DONE WITH BOOT CAMP & HAS HIS
BOARDZ AGAIN. I WOULD LIKE TO GET THEM TO HIM.

DEC 17

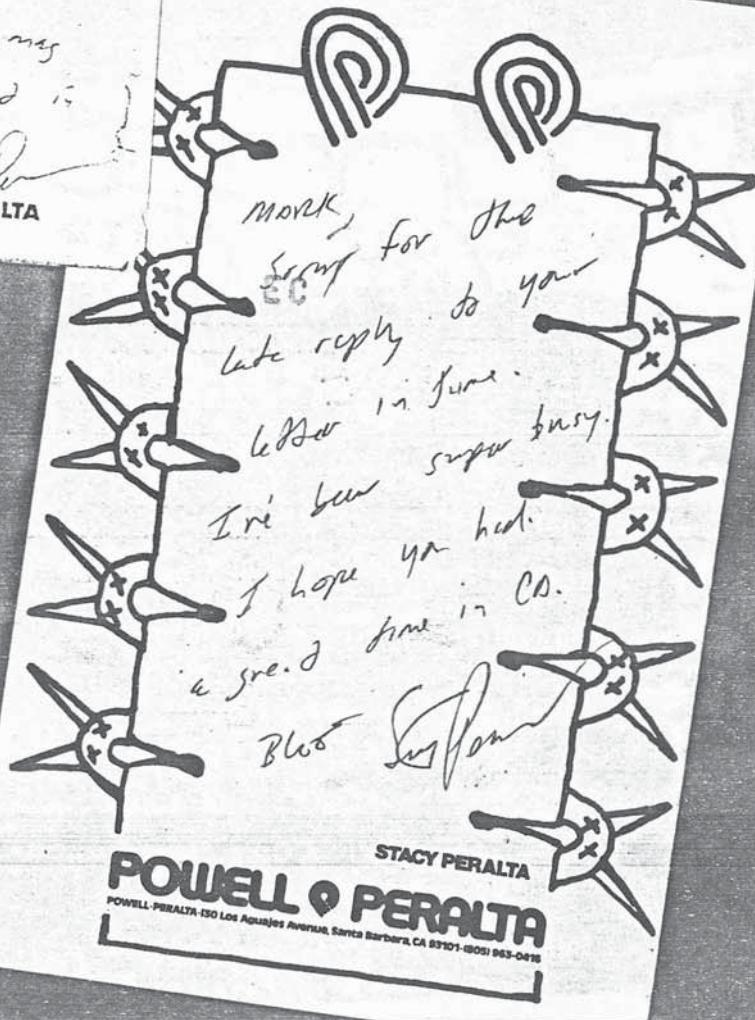
HEY MARK

MY DAD, JOSH AND ME COMITED TO A LOONY BIN.
I'M NOT KIDDING! THIS PLACE BECAUSE IT'S DOWNTOWN. HE GOT
PUNCHED CAUSE HE KICKED ME OUT OF MY HOUSE. JOSH ASKED ME
TO COME BACK AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE DUE TO DISEASE.
WITH FRIENDS FOR A MONTH AND A HALF. HE CALLED ME THE
OTHER DAY AND TOLD ME HE WANTED TO TAKE ME OUT TO
LONGBEACH AND BRING ME HERE. HE'S MATURED. ALL YOU DO IS WATCH TV
AND DRAW PICTURES.

SKATING IS BEING! THE HALF PIPE, THE TENNIS
(ABOUT 4' HIGH TRAMPOLINE), THE ART MUSEUM (6' BANK) AND THE
STREET'S ARE ALL SHREDABLE. I WAS SKATING EVERY DAY WITH
DAVE CHAVES (BASE FOR CODE OF MORON) AND HIS BROTHER JOSH.
THOSE BOYS RIDE AS HIGH. JOSH DOES LYRAKIN AND TOTALLY
UPSIDE DOWN AND CONSIDERED. DAVE DOES BACKSIDE AIR GRABBING
THROUGH THE NOSE ABOUT 4' HIGH.

DO YOU HAVE YOUR NEXT MOVE FINISHED YET? MINE IS
ALMOST DONE, BUT IT'S NOT HERE SO I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL
I GET OUT. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'LL BE HERE. IF YOU FINISH
BODYSLAM #3, SEND ME A COPY SO I HAVE SOMETHING TO
READ PLEASE!!! I'LL SEND YOU A POST CARD AS SOON AS
I GET IT. I'LL WRITE TO AGAIN (MAYBE)

Karl



POWELL PERALTA
POWELL-PERALTA-130 Los Agujas Avenue, Santa Barbara, CA 93101-(805) 963-0416

D.A. HARDCORE

SO-HARDCORE VERTICAL SKATER YES? THINK YOU'RE BAD WITH YOUR HANDSTANDERS, YOUR AIR TURN SQUIRMERS AND YOUR THALYDOMIDES HOPS?

HEY, HARDCORE SKATING WAS HAPPENING LONG BEFORE THE FIRST SKATE MUTANT CRAWLED OUT OF HIS HOLE AND GRABBED A SKATE.

IF YOU CAN FIND A FIRST GENERATION SKATER, CHECK HIS CLOSET OR THE BOTTOM OF HIS BIRDCAVE FOR HIS

STASH OF OLD SKATEBOARDER MAGAZINES. IN SEVERAL CHOICE ISSUES CAN BE FOUND THE NOW CLASSIC SKATE TALES OF JOHN SMYTHE.

THIS IS GOOD STUFF! A FULL EXPOSE' OF THE SKATE VATOS Y RATOS Y, PERROS DE DOGTOWN! USED TO BE IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THIS SHIT BY HEART THEY TAPED YOUR HANDS TO YOUR FACE AND PUSHED YOU DOWN THE STAIRS.

by SMYTHE:

"Fish Eyed Freaks & Long Dogs with Short Tales." - SB 2 no 5 -

"Westside Style - Under the Skatetown Influence" - SB 2 no 6 -

"Frontier Tales..." - SB 3 no 2 -

"Stranger than Fiction" SB 3 no 4 -

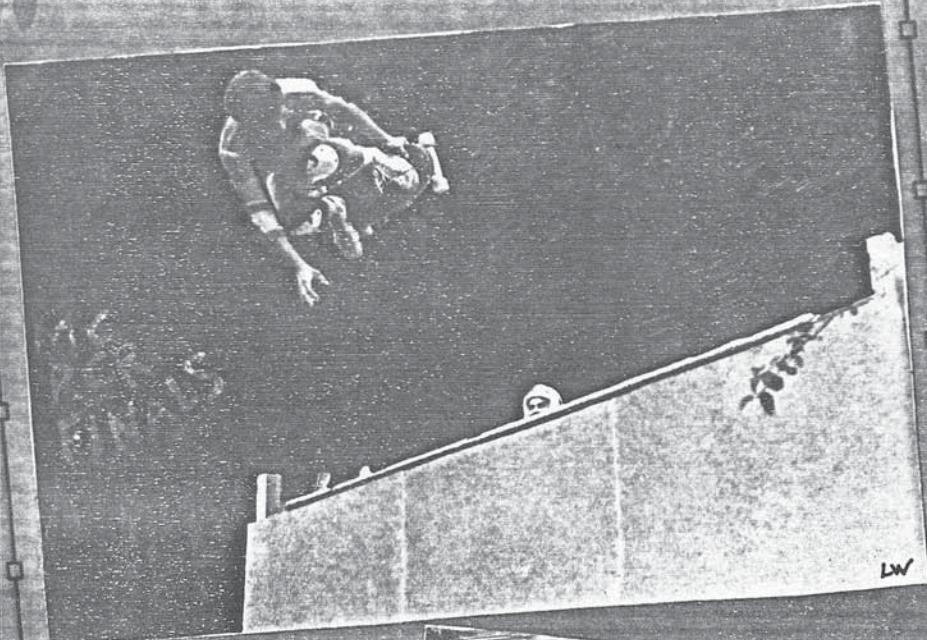
"Sequential Overdrive or Dog's Eye View" -SB 3 no 5- (my favorite)

"Opening Day at the Park" -SB 4 no 2-

"Dead Dogs Never Lie" -SB 5 no 7-

"History of the World & Other Short Subjects -SB 6 no 10 (May 80) -

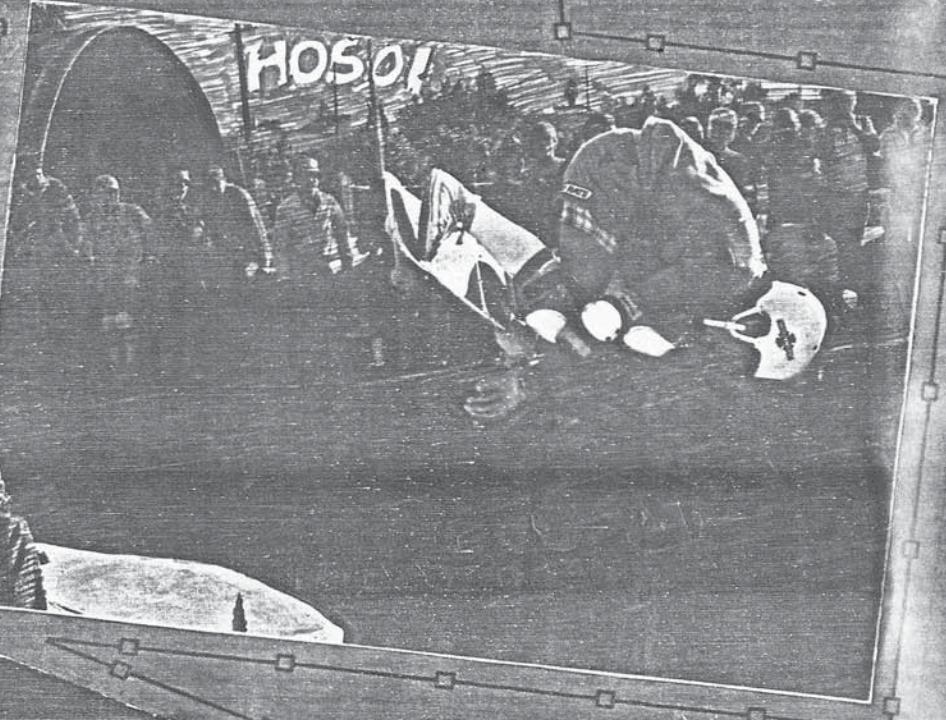
Interviews: Alva, Adams, Peralta, Pratt, Kubo, Alva, Peralta, Piercy



RCR CONTEST AT MARCUS'S
RAMP IN ALDHA OREGON
JULY 31 1982 MC VS.
RYAN NEUHOFF IN THE
FINALS.

PHOTO: LEWIS W.

CHRISTIAN HOSOI—
SKATE CITY'S
LAST PRO
CONTEST
REESE PHOTO



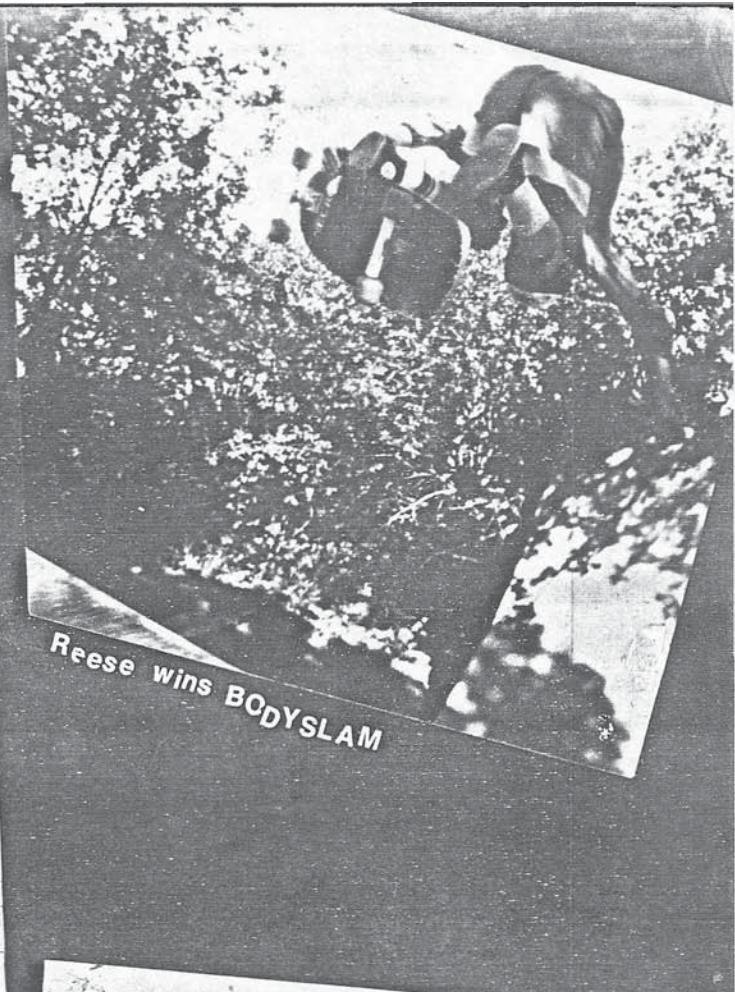
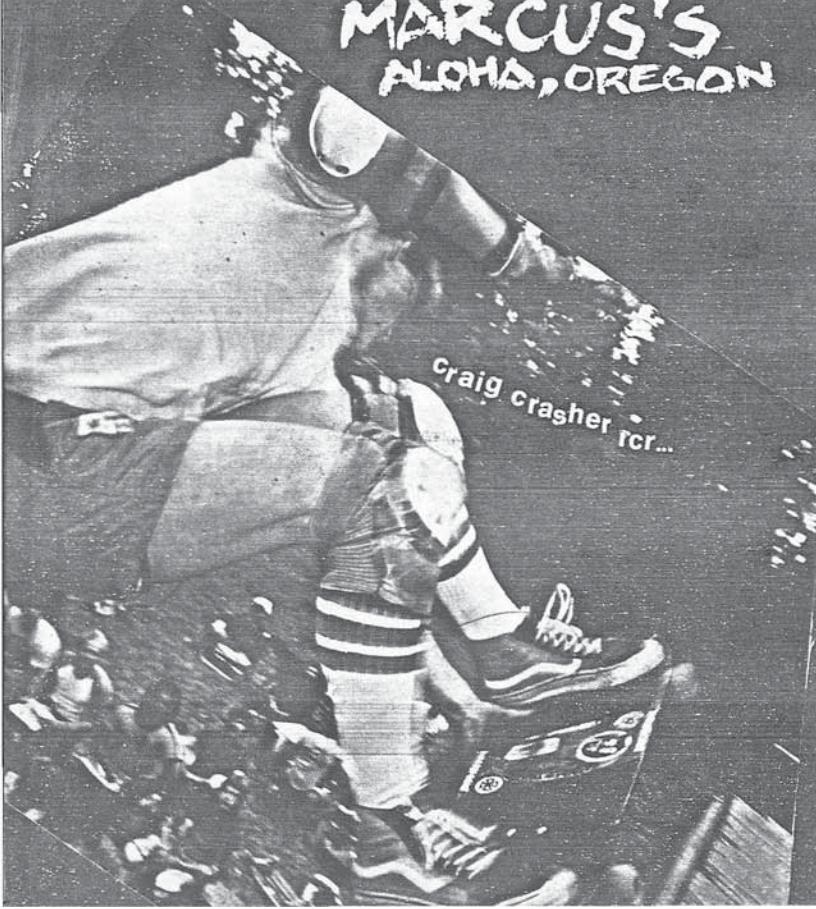
BILLY
TAC'S
RAMP

BILL REESE—
TAC'S RAMP
EASTERN WA.
HUCKABEE PHOTO.



Ryan wins Rose city races.

'82 CONTESTS - MARCUS'S ALOHA, OREGON



jay mugging - BS...

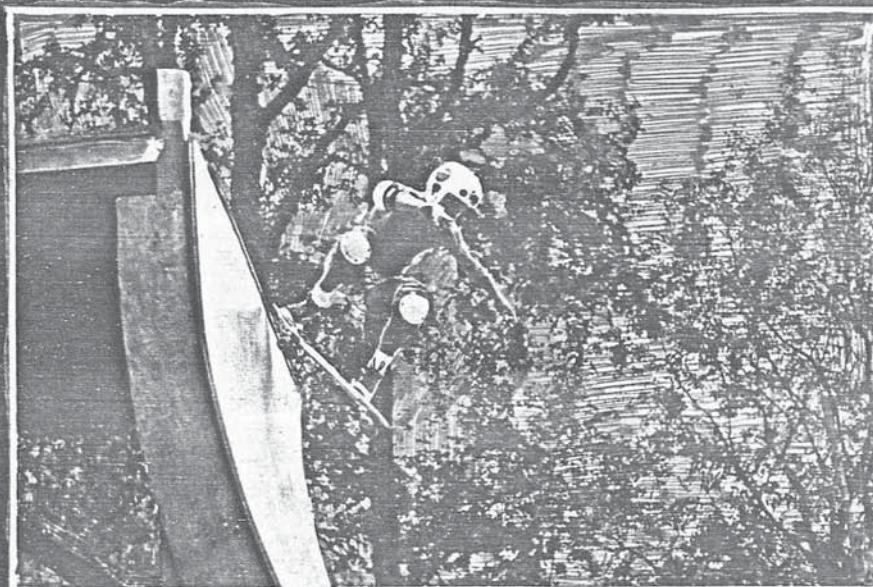
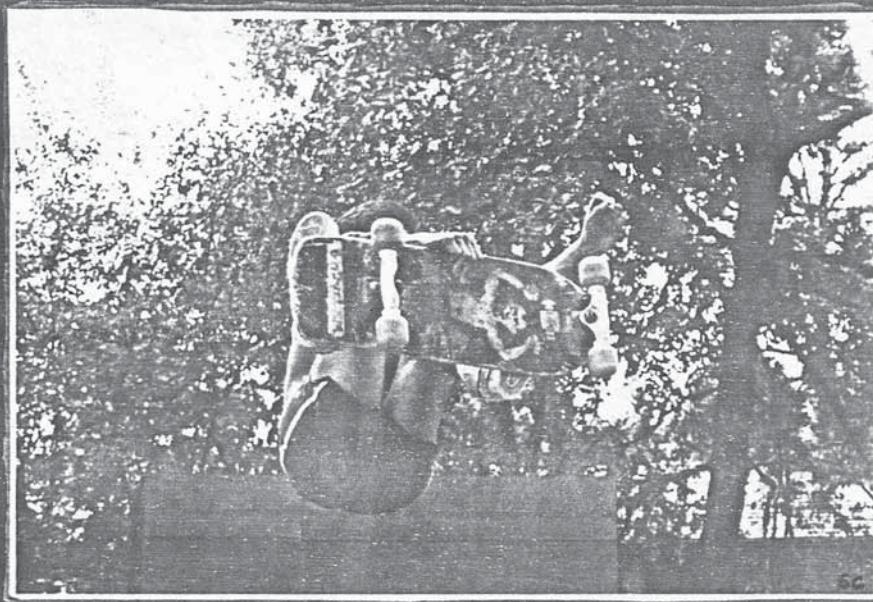
Aloha, Oregon-- Cascade Racing Association held a vertical contest at Marcus's July 31st. The ramp was newly resurfaced and 8 feet of flat added in time for the contest.

On hand for the contest were Chris Gunderson, Jay Mugging, Ryan Neuhoff, Bill Long and MC from Portland, Mark Healey Mike Shaughnessy and Kraig Kräsher from Tacoma, and Karl Wenninger from Northern California. Also hanging around were Steve Coutcher and Louis Waterbury from Gravity Sports in Washington. A photog from the Oregonian, Denny Watson, Mel Ancheta from the old Ride On team, Marcus, Bill Parr, Chester, etc.

Highlights of the contest- Gunderson slamming hard, MC & Ryan flying high, Shaughnessy floating frontside ollies, the BODYSLAM banner.

Eliminations took most of the day with Chris Gunderson coming back off his fall to take third and Mike Shaughnessy fourth. Long time Portland rivals MC & Ryan finally faced off in the finals. Neuhoff had the first run, the pressure was intense, he pulled an extendo Valdez-invert then a high backside aerial almost losing it. The backside ollie air that followed got a few hoots and the rest of the routine was flawless. A tough run to beat. MC dropped in and threw over what was easily the highest backside aerial of the day, landing sloppily but on-more hoots-then an extended outside rail invert then a foot-plant, the run looked good but a fall on an attempted lien air broke the routine and another on an alley oop buried MC for good. The second run for both skaters was about equal, multiple falls for both Neuhoff and Conahan. In the end it was Ryan by four points. Boy was MC pissed! It was a good contest anyway.

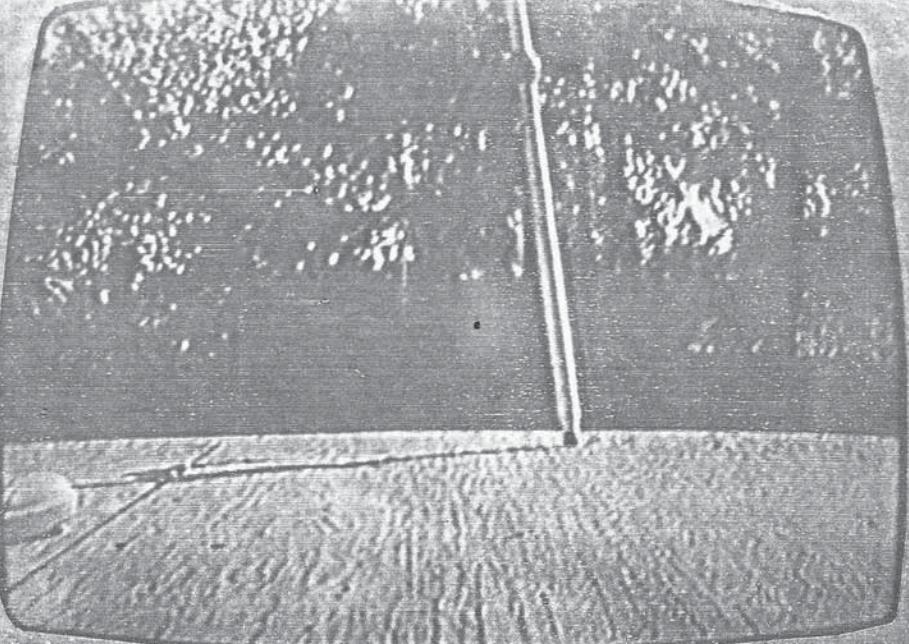
-BS-



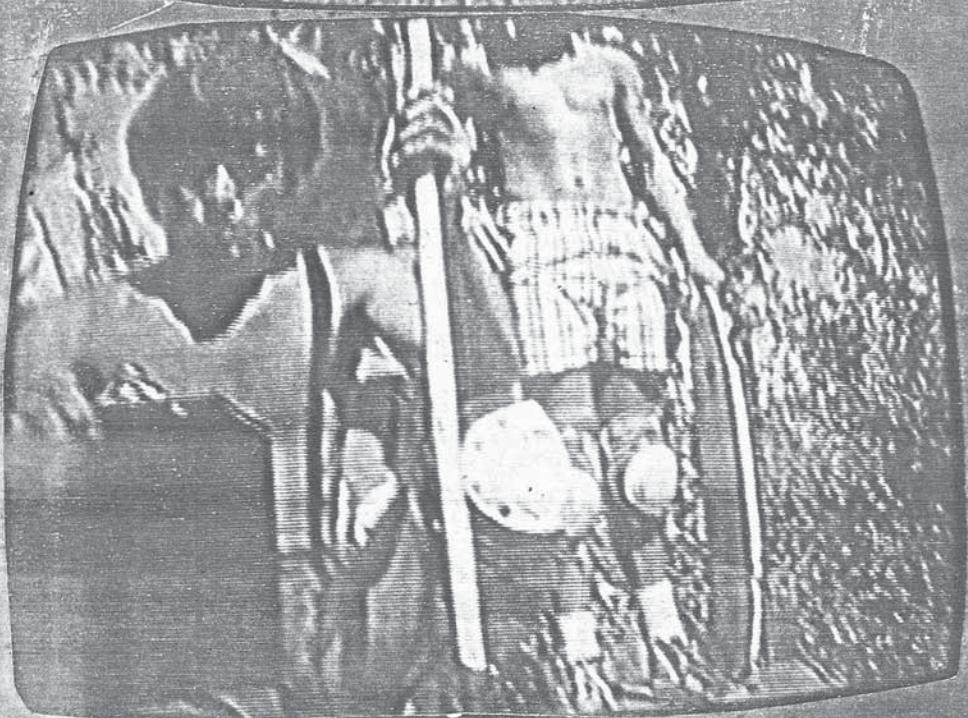
top: marcus's ramp - shaughnessy ollies.

mid: mc throws one over.

bot: ryan neuhoff acid drops into the finals.



SIX O CLOCK
LIKE TO WATCH...



BODYSLAM HIGHEST AIR
AT MARCUS'S -
KOIN TV NEWS PORTLAND

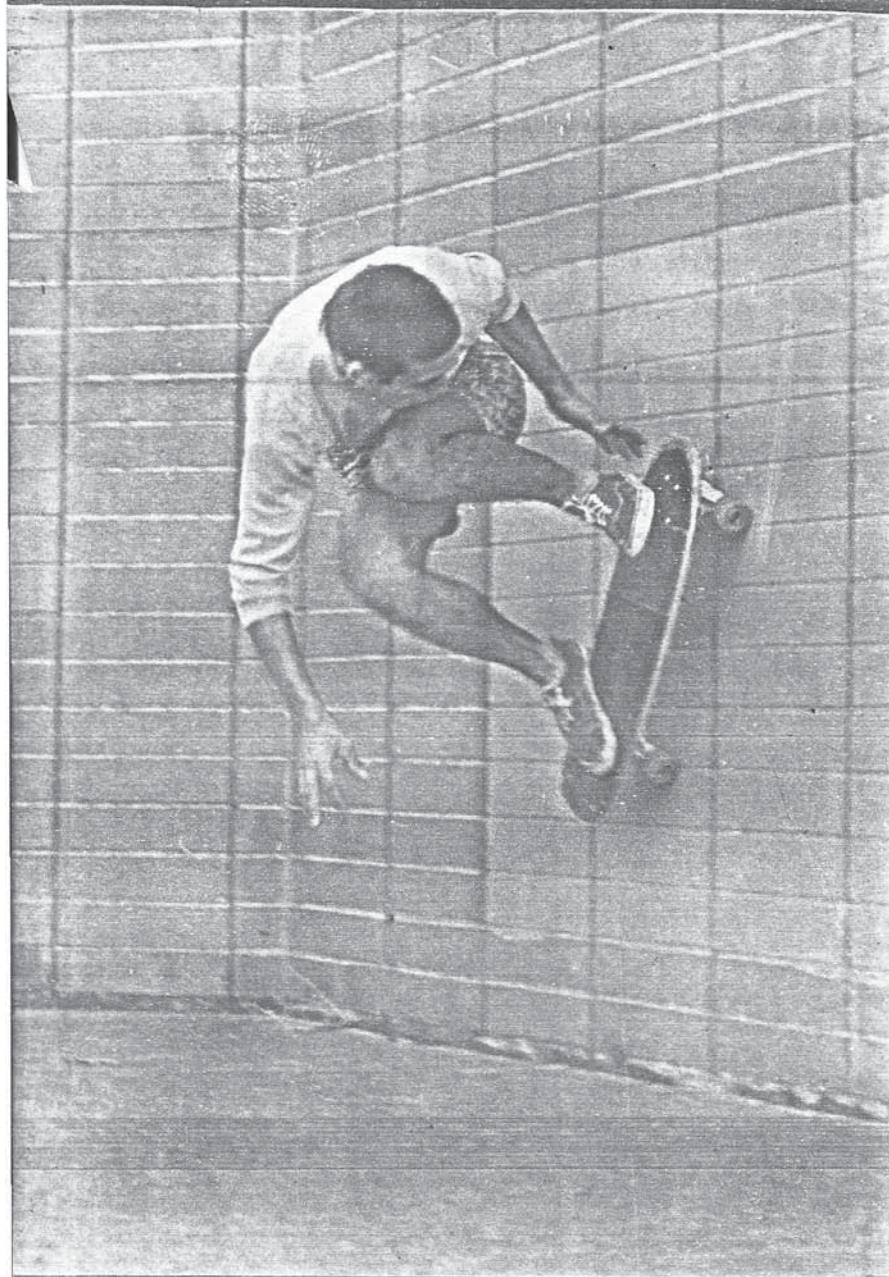


RYAN & BILL TIED FOR
FIRST SOMEWHERE OVER
3'6"

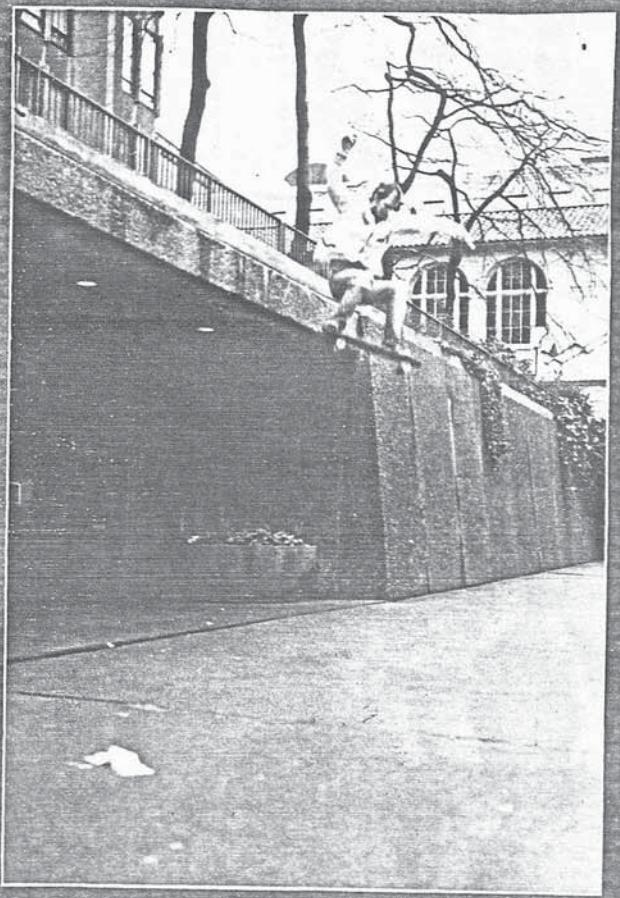
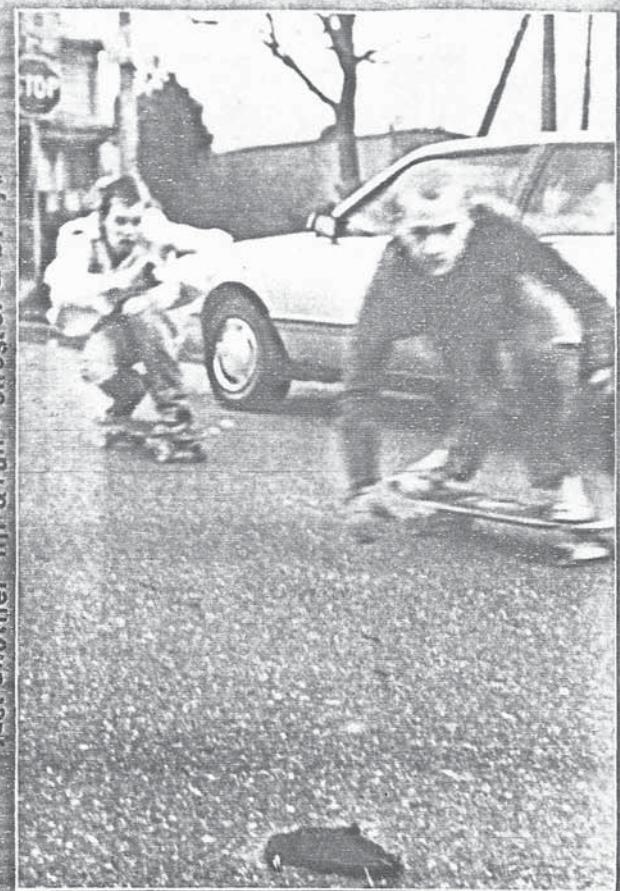
NONVERT

BUT STILL HARDCORE.

harsh transition - MC



Just another hit & run - chester & billy.



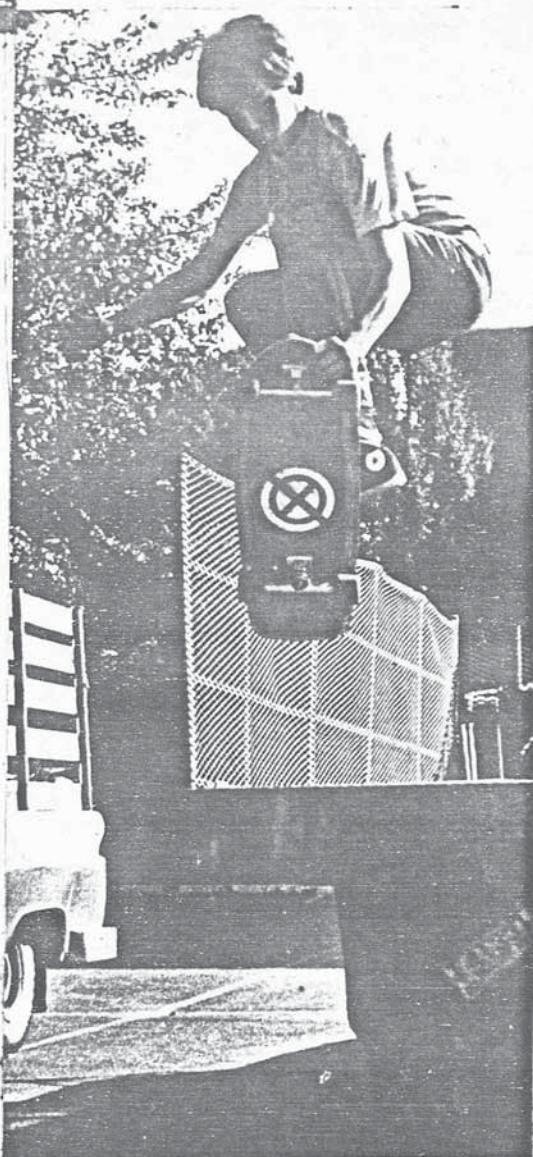
billy checks out of the Portland Hilton.

huckph0t0s

NONVERT



PAUL BIRNBAUM



DEWEY COP DROPS WALLA WALLA



HUCKABEE RACING AT MT TABOR. RIDE ON TEAM'S LAST STAND.

the
in
old
the
streets

Skate Story

by Patrick Blane

It was nice on the ramp with its new masonite. The sun was shining and reflecting off the new smooth surface of the ramp. He skated back and forth, up and down. That was what he liked, to go as high and as fast as possible over and over again was what he liked. The sun was warm and the surface good. He liked that.

He knew his skating companions were nearby. They always collected to watch him skate. He was the best. He had won contests. He had skated in all the parks on the west coast and in the MG commercials. He had been interviewed in Thrasher three times and had been on network T.V. twice. He never wore knee pads, never wore protective gear of any kind. That stuff was for the weak. But those things weren't what made him the best. He was just the best and they knew it. That was why they always came to watch him skate.

He knew his skating companions were nearby. He knew they always collected to watch him skate. When he was finally done he would be tired and sometimes he would talk to some of them. They always gave him a beer when he was done, and sometimes he would talk to them. He knew they were nearby, watching him, but when he was up there he was alone. There was only him, his skateboard and the ramp. When he was skating he was alone. Up there he didn't have to think about anything, he didn't have to talk. Up there he didn't have to do anything. All he had to do was skate. He liked that. It was important to him.

Then he had his accident. Like all accidents it was unexpected. Unlike all accidents it was a bad one. He rolled up one side of the ramp. He went high into the air and made to turn and drop back down. This was the part they liked best to watch. He would make it look as though he'd almost lost control and then he'd turn and drop back down, rolling over to the other side. Some people thought the skater's feet should never leave the board. Looking as though you might just lose it made it more interesting though. It was a habit he had gotten into a long time before and now he did it without thinking about it. It always worked. This time it didn't. This time he actually lost control. His skateboard shot out from under his feet, went over the ramp into the bushes by the side, the wheels still spinning in the air. He still managed to turn though and without the skateboard he dropped down onto the ramp, landing on his left knee pretty close to the middle sliding the last few feet to the center.

Normally such a fall would not be too bad. But this was not normally. The more usual complaint for skateboarders who spilled on ramps were skin burns caused by friction. But his knee was unprotected. His knee was hurt; hurt badly.

He didn't scream as he hit his knee. Skaters like him didn't scream when they got hurt. The only noise came from his skateboard as it hit one of the bushes behind the ramp in the backyard. He slid down quickly but quietly on the ramp's new smooth and quiet masonite surface. He lay

half on his side at the bottom of the ramp. His left leg was curled up half under him. He had his hands clasped tightly over his knee. The knuckles were white. His lips were tightly pressed together and his whole face was screwed up like a walnut.

Somebody ran back into the house to call an ambulance. No one outside said anything. They stood and stared at him. They knew it had to be bad. They stood there, not saying anything until the ambulance men arrived and tried to put him on a stretcher. This was difficult because he wouldn't unbend. He wouldn't move. He wouldn't take his hands away from his left knee. They couldn't pry his hands away from his hurt knee. They had to give him an injected tranquilizer. When he relaxed they took his hands away from the knee. His knee was white. It was swollen and completely white, even though he was tanned usually.

When they got him to the hospital they wheeled him into the emergency room. The intern took a look at his knee and pressed the swollen mound gently. His hands were clean and smelled of soap. The knee was swollen tight and chalky white. The veins of the thigh were drawn upward and grey. The tranquilizer hadn't worn off yet, so the body was relaxed. Even so the leg was bent because of the swelling. The intern pressed the knee gently. When he pressed blood oozed out of the pores of the taut skin like water from a sponge.

"Jesus Christ! get him to radiology!"

Two orderlies in white transferred him from the stretcher to a gurney and rapidly wheeled him down the hall. Their white shoes squeaked on the linoleum which was clean.

In radiology they took pictures of his knee and then wheeled him into a cubicle with a curtain around it. The curtain was made of translucent shrimp plastic. In the next cubicle the doctors worked on an older woman who was having a heart attack. It was not until she had finally been pronounced dead that they heard the guy with the knee moaning over the shrieks of the dead woman's daughter. A nurse came in and gave him another shot and he passed out again.

"The patella is completely destroyed. We'll have to go in there as soon as the swelling goes down and see what we can do."

"Even with a new kneecap--German Plastic--he'll probably never bend it again. How did he do this?"

"Skateboarding without pads."

"God those kids are crazy. They tear themselves apart for kicks."

"Well this one won't be doing any skateboarding anymore. Shit, he'll be lucky if he can walk."

The operation was performed the next day. It went about as well as the doctors could expect. Every ligament had been torn. Curls of muscle, released from their normal tension peeled away from the joint like streamers. The kneecap had been reduced by the accident to coin sized

pieces of gristle. These were removed. The plastic kneecap from Germany was inserted and the damaged ligaments were attached to it. The extra liquid was drained off and a special lubricant was applied to the joint. The doctors worked in silence. It is depressing to a professional to know that no matter how well he does the result will probably be the same as if he hadn't done anything.

"He'll be lucky if he can walk."

They put a cast from his foot to his waist on his leg. They gave him drugs to reduce possible tension in the joint. They gave him drugs to reduce the pain. After he was wheeled back to his room his parents came to see him. They were horrified by what they saw. His face was drawn and his eyes were almost blackened. They didn't stay long. They never understood why he went skateboarding. It was something kids did, they thought, but he was getting too old to be spending his days that way. He should have been building a career, getting married, settling down. Now he'd gone and maimed himself for life. His mother got a secret satisfaction when the doctor told her her son would never be able to skateboard again. He'll be lucky if he can walk, he told her. She said that was awful, but she was really making plans to go through his room and collect all his skateboards and equipment and take them to the Goodwill. He'd had his skateboarding, now he'd have to get a real job and start making something of himself. She couldn't admit to herself that was how she really felt, but later that night she surprised her husband by letting slip out that it really served the little bastard right.

His friends came to visit him, but they had less to say than his parents. Some of them were secretly pleased that he wouldn't be skating anymore. He was the best. Now they hoped they would be.

The drugs gave him nightmares. He kept reliving the accident. They say you can't dream pain. It's true that you can't but his knee was in pain constantly so the pain intruded and he dreamt of the accident again and again. On the third day the plastic kneecap popped out, pressing up against the skin, tearing all the newly stitched tendons. They operated again. They put in a new German plastic kneecap which they connected this time with metal pins. Now there was no question. With the pins in he would not be able to bend the knee.

Eventually the pain and swelling went away. The leg healed. The third cast came off and he went home. His mother had cleaned up his room and his father left the paper open to the want ads with the Help Wanted columns circled in ink. His skateboards had all been given to Goodwill. But he didn't get a job and he didn't settle down. Every day he walked around and exercised his leg as best he could. When he knew no-one would be around he would go to the ramp and stare at it by the hour. He once clumsily clambered up onto it and lay in the middle, staring up at the two sides. He would lie there a long time. He would run his hands over the new smooth masonite surface. He would lie there even when it

was raining. Finally he would struggle down again and limp home. He knew he wouldn't be able to skate anymore. It left a big hole in him. He felt uncomfortable. He didn't care about the limp. He didn't care about the pain that would come if he walked too far. He only cared about not skating.

Every now and then one of his skating companions would call him up to see if he would judge a contest or something. He always said no. Finally he took out his last \$140 from his savings account and went to a skate store in another town where they wouldn't be so likely to know him and bought a board, the trucks, wheels and hardware. When they looked at him funny because of the limp he told them that the board was for a friend who liked to skate. When the woman said, oh I see, he wanted to smash her head open with the board, but he didn't.

He took the Trailways bus home. He took the board to the garage and put it all together and skated around, standing up stiffly, turning gnetly in the driveway. His mom drove up in the station wagon loaded down with bags of groceries. On top of one of the bags rested a family sized box of Pop Tarts. She really liked Pop Tarts. When she saw him and the skateboard she started screaming before she got out of the car. He could see her face turn red and her mouth moving before she got out.

"...the hell do you think you're doing? Where did you get that thing? Your father told you you were supposed to get a job. Why do you disobey us? If you don't get rid of that thing, and I mean now, you might as well just pack your bags and get out. I don't want any son of mine to waste his life like that. You make me sick. Get rid of that thing or I swear...."

He wasn't listening. He just rolled out the driveway and down the street towards where the ramp was. It took him a long time to get there. He couldn't really go uphill, he could only coast on the down parts. Eventually he got there and there was no-one around.

He started to go everyday. Everyday his father told him if he didn't quit he'd have to leave. Everyday he went anyway. He practiced skating the ramp without bending that one leg. He still didn't wear pads. His stiff leg would be stuck out from the board and he'd have to bend the other one down so low he was almost kneeling and he'd have to hold on with both hands. When he got to the top he couldn't turn--he'd just roll down backwards and back up the other side. But he was skating and that was all he cared about.

Eventually people began to hear about his exercises on the amp. Gradually they came to watch. His possible embrassment was over, and it was like it had been before the accident. When he was up there, rolling back and forth, he didn't even know they were there. He wasn't very good anymore. There was no way he could be. He was like the guy in the wheelchair who does the marathon. But he was skating again and he was skating with a stiff leg, and that meant, in a way, he was still the best. None of that meant any-

thing to him. It was like it was before. Not the actual skating, but in his mind. When he was up there, nothing mattered. His parents didn't even exist. There was nothing but him, the skateboard and the ramp with its new smooth masonite surface.

The guys who had been glad that he wouldn't be skating anymore were not so happy now. It didn't matter that he wasn't as good as he had been. It didn't matter that they were now a lot better than he was. It didn't matter that all he could do was roll forward and then roll backwards without being able to do kickturns. The point was he was skating.

Pretty soon people got used to seeing him and he got used to having them there. His parents didn't get used to his skating again. Every time his mother saw him get out the skateboard and head out the door she'd burn up. Finally one day his father told him to move out. He didn't work all day to support a bum who wouldn't even work, who didn't care about anything decent. Sometimes he thought the only important thing in his son's life was skateboarding. When he decided to settle down and quit this skateboarding business they'd welcome him back. He should be thinking about important things: job security, and a family to raise. That's what he should be thinking of instead of that juvenile skateboarding crap.

If they were expecting a reaction from this they were disappointed. He just got out his skateboard and went off to the ramp. The surface wasn't as smooth as when it had first been put on. They were thinking of doing it over. Still it was a good ramp and he liked it there. When he skated he didn't think about jobs, about settling down, about anything. That day it was sunny and it was nice on the ramp. But skating with one stiff leg isn't easy and accidents happen. His first accident had already passed into a sort of legend. Those who had witnessed it had told the story over and over again. It grew in importance when he started skating again. The people who saw his first accident talked about it. The people who saw his second accident never talked about it.

They thought perhaps he had been going too fast. What happened was that he went further up the ramp than he could and his wheels caught on the rim. He grabbed at the rim but he missed it, lost his balance further and fell. His weight fell onto his bad leg which was stiff under him and as he fell onto it the knee gave.

With the pins holding the German plastic kneecap in position that leg should not have been bent. The knee joint couldn't bend, but it did bend and the pins shattered the bones in his leg, one of them forcing itself through his thigh muscles and skin. The kneecap popped up. It was torn in half and this was clearly visible through the skin. His lower leg was twisted and the larger of the two bones was wrenched a full half circle from where it should have been. The knee joint that shouldn't have bent, did bend and with a loud cracking noise.

The first time he hurt himself he didn't scream. The

second time, he screamed and went on screaming until the ambulance arrived. As the ambulance drove off with him someone picked up the skateboard he had spent his last \$140 on and threw it into a dumpster. The wheels rolled in the air after it hit the bottom upside-down and as those wheels turned his mother dialed the phone, calling her husband up to tell him that their son would be coming home and that he would finally be settling down.

SKATE



ZONE

T-SHIRTS - \$7.00 MAILED FREE
L & XL 100% cotton (THEY SHRINK)
CHECKS PAYABLE TO MARK CONNAN.



SKATEGOD
INTERVIEW...

by
max concave

The Skategod first appeared in Thrasher magazine a couple of years ago. A short time later BODYSLAM happened. The skategod outlined his philosophy in BODYSLAM issue #1. Since then he has become a cult figure closely tied to BODYSLAM. Some skaters worship him. Others think he's shit. We all wish we could be more like him. The following interview was conducted in South Hamilton, Massachusetts in October 1983.

MC-Why do you skate ?

SG-BECAUSE I'M AN ADRENALINE ADDICT.

MC-Go on.

SG-ADRENALINE IS A COMPOUND IN THE BODY THAT SPEEDS UP THE HEART AND RESPIRATORY RATES IN RESPONSE TO A LIFE THREATENING SITUATION, LIKE SKATEBOARDING. IT ALSO AFFECTS THE BRAIN, FUCKS IT UP REALLY--THAT'S WHY SOME PEOPLE CAN'T FUNCTION IN A CRISIS. OTHER PEOPLE ENJOY THAT FEELING, I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT IT. IF I DON'T SKATE, I GET VIOLENT, SELF DESTRUCTIVE, IN AN EFFORT TO BRING ON AN ADRENALINE RUSH.

MC-Skateboarding is life-threatening ?

SG-DEFINITELY. SOMETIMES NOT BUT IT CAN SEEM LIFE THREATENING TO THE BRAIN. THE MOST FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE THAT A MIND CAN HAVE IS TO BE THRUST INTO A SITUATION WHERE IT HAS NO CONTROL. A BASIC DRIVE IN HUMANS IS TO CONTROL THINGS, SITUATIONS. SO WHEN YOU SKATE ESPECIALLY IF YOU THRASH A LOT THE BRAIN GETS SCARED BECAUSE IT WANTS TO BE IN CONTROL BUT THE SKATER KEEPS THROWING HIMSELF OUT OF CONTROL. NOT ALL SKATERS DO THIS, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THEY'RE GETTING OFF IF THEY DON'T.

MC-Maybe they enjoy doing it well, practicing until they

can pull everything off perfectly.

SG-YEAH, BUT THAT'S THE OLD PROTESTANT WORK ETHIC AND WHO PAYS ATTENTION TO RELIGIOUS FANATICS ?

MC-I've heard it said that skateboarding is a religion.

SG-WELL, NOT REALLY. IT CAN BE VERY MYSTICAL THOUGH. VERTICAL SKATEBOARDING IS REALLY MORE COMPLEX THAN PEOPLE THINK IT'S AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT APPROACH TO EXISTENCE THAN THAT OF THE AVERAGE BIPED. THE TYPICAL SPUDESTRIAN SEES THE WORLD AROUND HIM IN TERMS OF GROUND AND OBSTACLES. "GROUND" IS FLAT AND LEVEL AND IS EASY TO TRAVEL OVER. EVERYTHING ELSE IS "OBSTACLE." THIS INCLUDES WALLS, BANKS, CHANGES IN THE CAMBER OF THE GROUND, ETC.

THE SKATEBOARDER DOESN'T SEE THESE THINGS AS HINDERANCES, BUT AS METAGROUND. HIS OBJECT ISN'T TO AVOID THESE THINGS BUT TO EXPLOIT THEM. THE SPUD CHOOSES THE PATH THAT ALTERS HIS ORIENTATION vis a vis GRAVITY THE LEAST, OR IDEALLY, NOT AT ALL. THE VERTICAL SKATEBOARDER SEARCHES FOR THE PATH THAT WILL CHANGE HIS GRAVITIC ORIENTATION THE GREATEST NUMBER OF TIMES IN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE. THE SPUD LIKES STABILITY, THE SKATER, RAPID, CONSTANT CHANGE, IN GRAVITIC INTENSITY AS WELL AS ORIENTATION. LOOK AT HOW MANY SKATEBOARDERS WANT ANARCHY, IN THE SOCIAL SENSE: DESTRUCTION OF THE STATE, NO GOVERNMENT, ETC. I BELIEVE THAT THIS IS CARRIED OVER FROM SKATEBOARDING. THEY LEARN TO CRAVE CHAOS IN THEIR PHYSICAL LIVES AND WANT IT IN THEIR SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIVES AS WELL.

MC-I've heard that anarchy is love, man.

SG-FUCK THAT. ANARCHY IS HATE ASSHOLE. READ 1985 BY ANTHONY

BURGESS.

MC- How do you feel about moving to the east coast ?
SG- NOT SO GOOD. THERE'S NOT AS MUCH SKATE ACTIVITY OUT HERE. THE RAMPS I'VE SEEN SO FAR ARE SMALL, STONE AGE CONTRAPTIONS. IT'S LIKE TRAVELLING IN TIME BACK TO PORTLAND OREGON, 1978. I HAVE HEARD STORIES ABOUT OTHER RAMPS & POOLS THOUGH. WE'LL SEE.

MC- What do you think of the new street skating ?

SG - IT'S GOOD IF YOU CARRY THE AGGRESSION FROM VERTICAL INTO THE STREETS. JUST REMEMBER, TRICKS ARE FOR KIDS AND SPEED KILLS. 60'S SKATEBOARDING--WAS LAME AND STILL IS.

MC- How about 80's skating ?
SG- NOT LAME. TO UNDERSTAND THIS YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT HOW SKATEBOARDING HAS CHANGED SINCE THE SIXTIES. 80'S SKATING HAS TO DO WITH PUTTING YOURSELF IN POSITIONS OF RISK, POSITIONS THAT YOU HAVE TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT OF. JUST BALANCING ON THE BOARD AND ROLLING DOWN THE STREET DOESN'T MAKE IT. LOOK AT 80'S STREET MOVES, CURB GRINDS ARE A GOOD EXAMPLE. GRINDING CURBS INVOLVES AN INTENTIONAL LOSS OF CONTROL. THE SKATER INTENTIONALLY THROWS HIMSELF OUT OF CONTROL THEN FIGHTS TO PULL OUT OF IT--PROBABLY ONLY TO PUT HIMSELF OUT OF CONTROL AGAIN IMMEDIATELY. THIS IS THE MAJOR DIFFERENCE BETWEEN



SG-EARLY RELEASE AT HOSTAGE POOL

THE OLD AND THE NEW, THAT INTENTIONAL LOSS OF CONTROL.

MC- Where's your favorite spot to skate ?

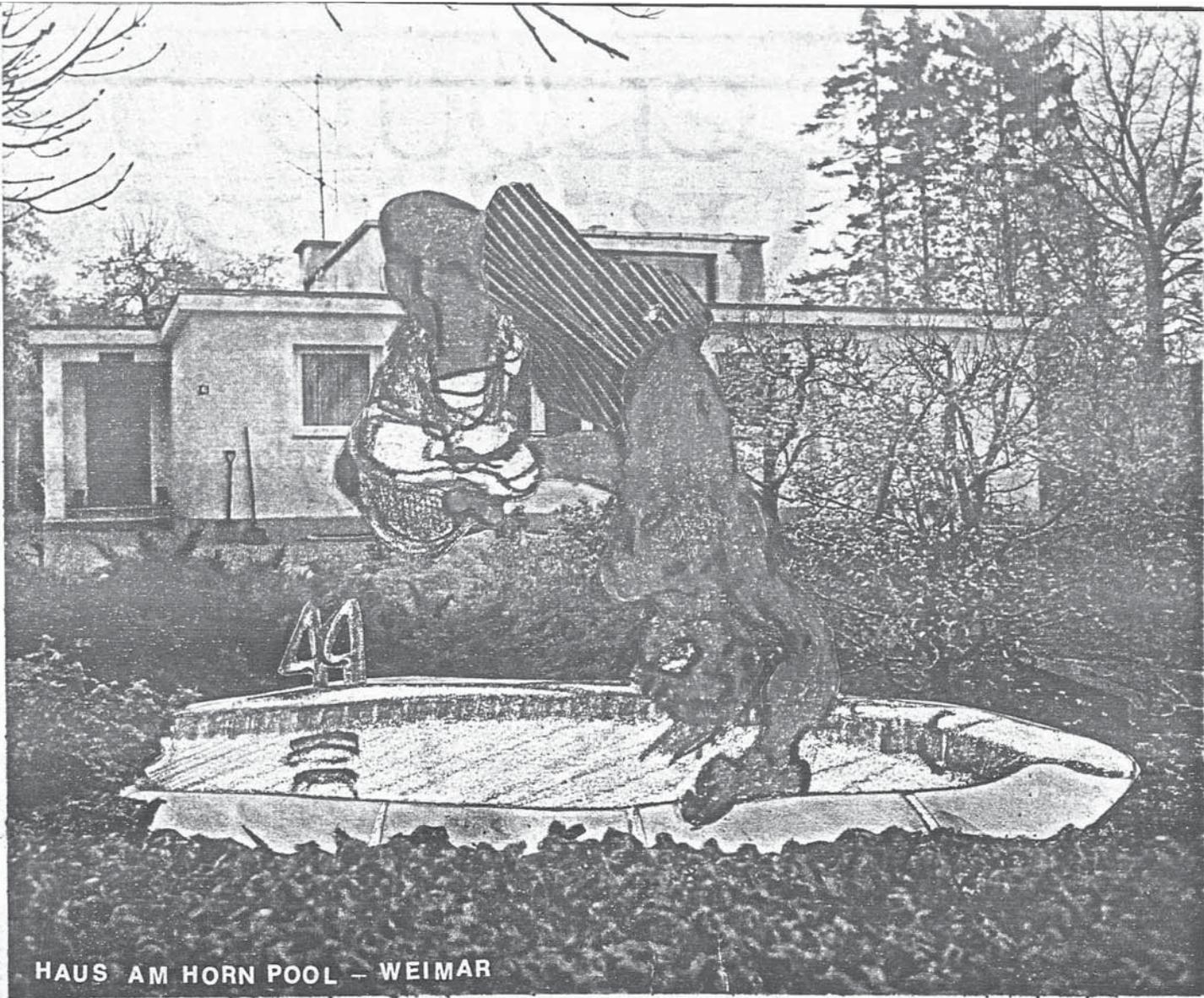
SG- POOLS DEFINITELY. I SKATE THEM ALL THE TIME IN MY MIND. THIS POOL IN CONNECTICUT WAS GREAT, REALLY BIG KIDNEY TO THE RIGHT WITH A POCKET BIG ENOUGH THAT IT WAS JUST LIKE SKATING AN EGG POOL. IT WAS COOL, WE WENT TO THE DOOR AND TIED UP THE FAMILY IN A BACK BEDROOM FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS WHILE WE SKATED, WE LET THEM GO WHEN WE LEFT. THOSE BIG HOUSES WITH LOTS OF LAND AROUND THEM ARE GREAT FOR THAT NO NEIGHBORS CLOSE BY. ONLY PROBLEM IS TRYING TO SKATE THE POOL AGAIN. THEY SHOT AT ME WHEN I TRIED TO SKATE THERE AGAIN! I FIGURE, FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE. IT WAS A GOOD POOL THOUGH. YEAH, HOSTAGE POOL DEFINITELY GOES INTO THE HISTORY BOOKS. BUT RAMPS ARE GOOD TOO. ONLY IF THEY'RE WIDE ENOUGH THOUGH, I DON'T KNOW WHY PEOPLE WASTE THEIR TIME BUILDING THESE NARROW RAMPS. YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ON THEM. THE SAME THING IS TRUE WITH PIPES. YOU HAVE TO HAVE A LONG SECTION FOR IT TO BE ANY GOOD.

MC- What are your favorites of all the many moves ?

SG- AERIALS. TWISTED HAND-PLANTS ARE GOOD BUT FULL TRAVELLING BACKSIDE AIRS ARE THE BEST.

MC- How do you feel about contests ?

SG- THE ONLY GOOD KIND OF CONTEST IS THE KIND YOU HAVE WITH YOURSELF. YOU HAVE TO WANT TO BEAT YOUR PREVIOUS BEST. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO'S BETTER THAN WHO ELSE, BUT I WANT TO SKATE BETTER TODAY THAN I DID YESTERDAY. THE BODYSLAM CONTEST WAS COOL LAST YEAR BECAUSE IT GOT A LOT OF PEOPLE TOGETHER TO SKATE. IT WAS GREAT. EVERYONE SKATED



HAUS AM HORN POOL - WEIMAR

WITH A LOT OF ENERGY, BECAUSE THEY WANTED TO KICK ASS. I KNOW SOME OF THE BOYS THOUGHT THE JUDGING SUCKED. MAYBE IT DID. BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THAT CONTEST WAS HOW INTENSE THE SKATING WAS. THE REAL LOSERS ARE THE PEOPLE WHO USE THE TYPICAL OBJECTIONS TO THE STRUCTURE OF A CONTEST AS AN EXCUSE TO GO SOFT. IT'S NOT COOL YOU FUCKERS! IT'S WIMPY. IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE HARD CORE, WHY BOTHER AT ALL? I GUESS I LIKE CONTESTS FOR THAT REASON, BECAUSE THEY CAN USUALLY GENERATE A GOOD SESSION WITH A LOT OF SKATERS.

MC- What do you think of BODY-SLAM?

SG- HEY, IT'S MY FAVORITE BRAINWIPE. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN TOO SHORT SO FAR THOUGH.

MC- That's because it's done by so few people. One person can only do so much. The fucking

thing almost died. Nobody wanted to put anything in so it took over a year to put out this time.

SG- HEY, DON'T GIVE ME SHIT, I WAS THERE.

MC- True. You were part of it from the beginning.

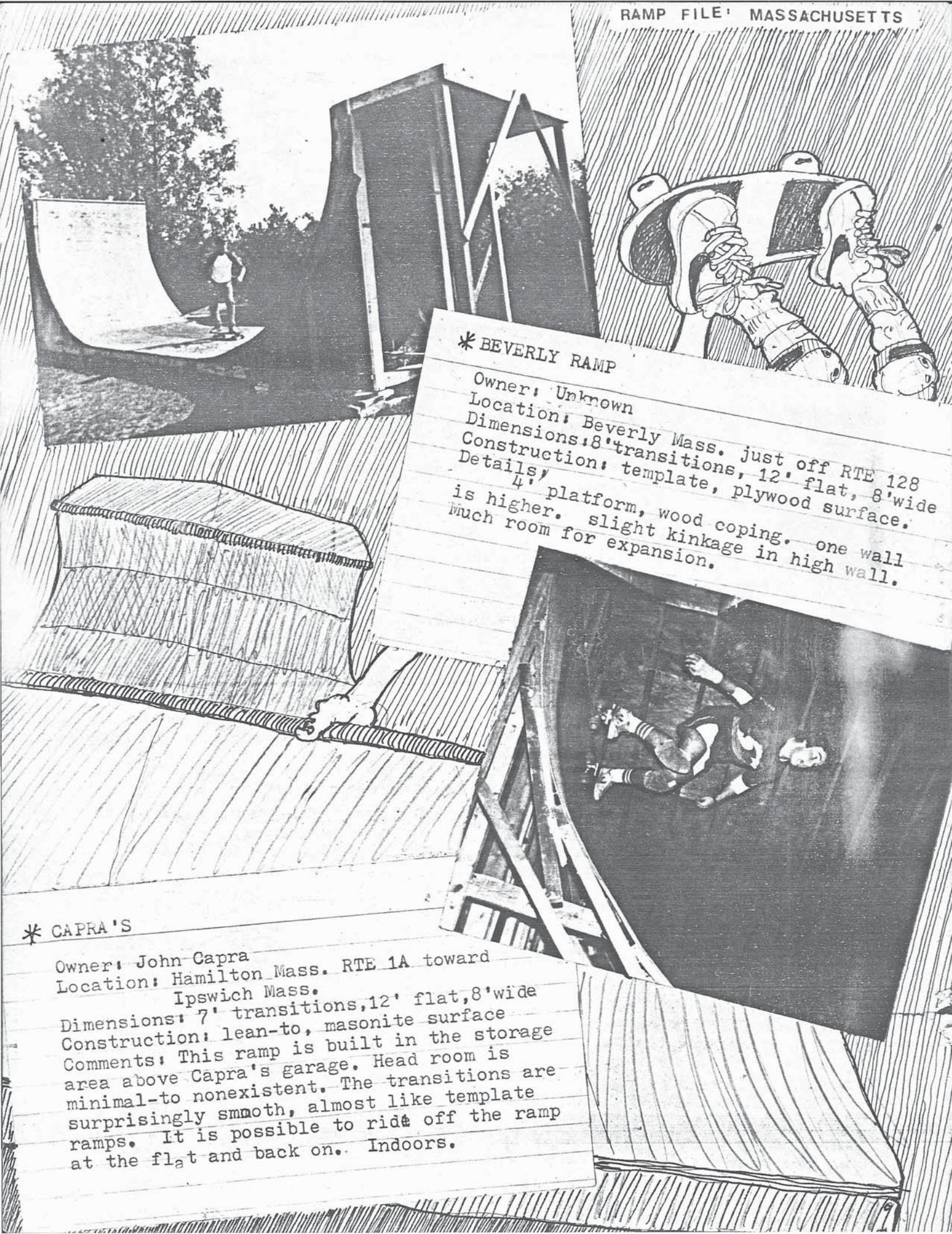
SG- HEY MAN, I AM BODYSLAM!.

MC- Ok, clam down.

SG- IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE OVERWORKED AND THAT SOMETIMES IT SEEMS LIKE IT'S ALL FOR NOTHING. NOBODY SEEMS TO BE INTERESTED. NOBODY WRITES OR SENDS STUFF. IT'S FUCKED.

MC- What do you think will happen to skateboarding?

SG- OH, MAYBE IT'LL STAY UNDERGROUND, MAYBE IT'LL CATCH THE EYE OF THE MONEY MEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT'LL BECOME AS POPULAR AS FOOTBALL. HEY I DON'T KNOW I DON'T CARE EITHER. I'M JUST A CARTOON CHARACTER MAN. -BS-



BUGLAND: aka
RYAN'S RAMP

THIS YEAR MASONITE
SURFACE AND PLAT-
FORM WERE ADDED.

MIDNIGHT MARAUDER
LIFTED 24 SHEETS
OF PLYWOOD IN ONE
TRIP TO BUILD THIS
RAMP ON AN UNAU-
THORISED BUT PRIMI-
PIECE OF LAKE-
OSWEGO SWAMPLAND

HUCKABEE!

MANGY CAT!

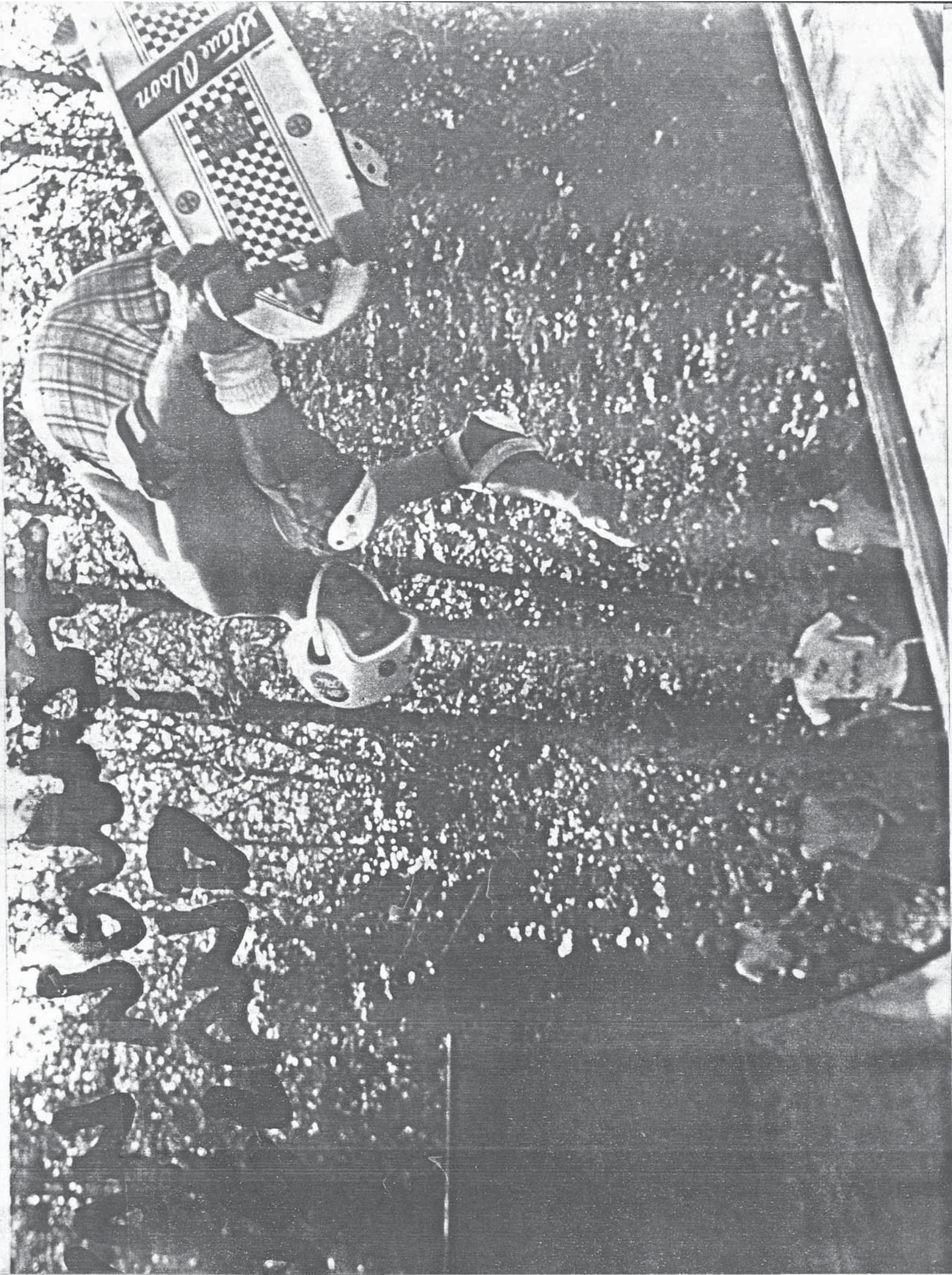
RYAN!

TAKE YOUR INSECT
REPELLENT. THE
MOSQUITOS ARE
FUCKED!

KATU PORTLAND
DID A VID SESSION.
SEE PHOTOS NEXT
TWO PAGES.

44 MUGGING!

CRATE







HARRIS RANKIN - OLYMPIA



VINTAGE CHESTER - HALSEY PARK

REESE'S FIRST
SESSION - MARCUS'S

WEIRD AT BODY'S
LA CONTE
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